RUNNING WITH THE DEVIL

BULLSEYE™ #3

MARVEL

BRISSON
SANNA
MRVA

PARENTAL ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.
LA HACIENDA MOTEL.
MEDELLÍN, COLOMBIA.
THUNK
THUNK
THUNK
THUNK
THUNK
THUNK

FWIP
BLAM
SHIK
UNGH...
BLAM BLAM BLAM
CHOMP
SNAP
SWIFF
THWAK
SHUNK
PTOO
THOK
THWAK
KRAK

RUNNING WITH THE DEVIL The costumed vigilante known as DAREDEVIL has been fighting crime in the dark streets and on the foggy, cold rooftops of New York City for years. In that time he's fought some deadly men and women: assassins, crime lords, killers and thieves. One of Daredevil's most dangerous adversaries is the assassin known as...

BULLSEYE

With unshakable aim, expertise with all forms of weaponry, deadly fighting skills and an unpredictable moral compass, Bullseye used his talents to become one of the world's greatest (and highest paid) assassins. Often foiled by Daredevil, Bullseye has been lying low...but getting bored. He went over the top for his last job, taking out a mob informant in a spectacular explosion that killed his target as well the F.B.I. agents protecting him.

For his current assignment, to extract a gangster's son from the grip of the Black Knife Cartel in Colombia, his handler urged discretion. But being cautious isn't Bullseye's style, and he made a spectacle of himself on his arrival, making sure that Teodor Zarco, the BKC's leader, knows he's got him in his sights. Unbeknownst to Bullseye, an F.B.I. agent named Joy Jones, whose husband was killed in the explosion during his last job, is also hunting Bullseye on a personal revenge mission. But Joy will have to hurry if she wants to pull the trigger before the Black Knife Cartel does...

"THE COLOMBIAN CONNECTION" PART 3

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OUTSIDE TEODOR ZARCO'S COMPOUND.

SO, WHAT'D HE DO, MISS F.B.I. AGENT *JOY?*

WHAT'D *WHO* DO?

YOU KNOW.

YOU'RE PAYING TWO MILLION AND CLEARING OUR RECORDS JUST TO GET A CHANCE TO KILL THIS DUDE. THAT'S NOT PEANUTS.

YOU COME TO US, WHICH TELLS ME THIS ISN'T OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

YOU'RE OUT HERE ON YOUR OWN AND PROBABLY PUTTING YOUR CAREER, AND MOST DEFINITELY YOUR LIFE, ON THE LINE.

SO, BULLSEYE MAY HAVE DONE SOMETHING PRETTY BAD.

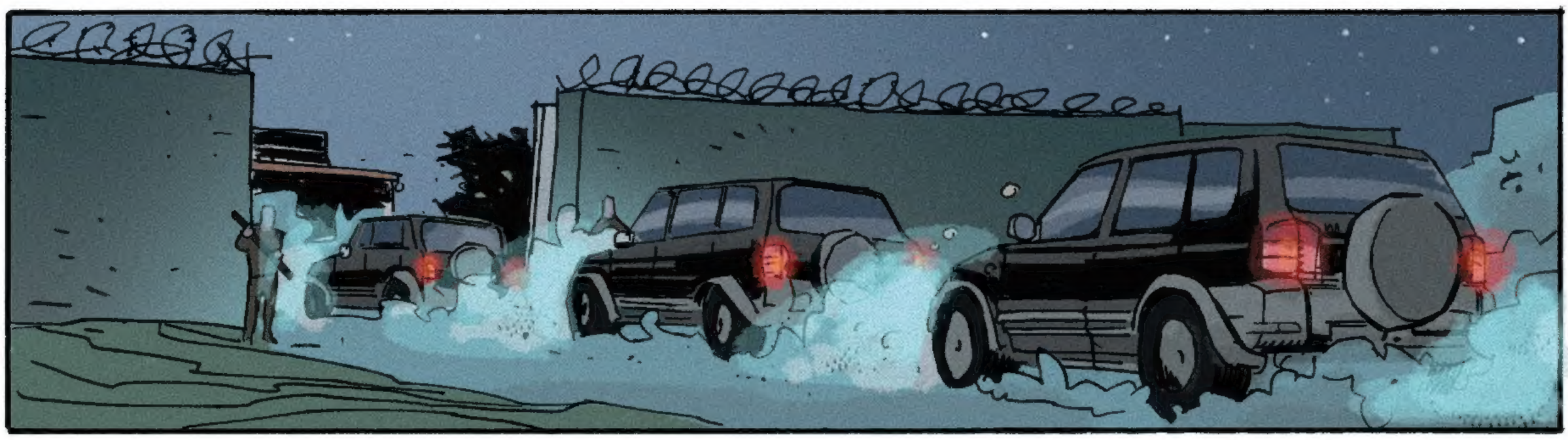
I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE QUIET ONE, BULLET.

JUST TRYING TO--

I LIKED YOU BETTER WHEN YOU WERE THE QUIET ONE.

PLEASE GO BACK TO BEING THE QUIET ONE.

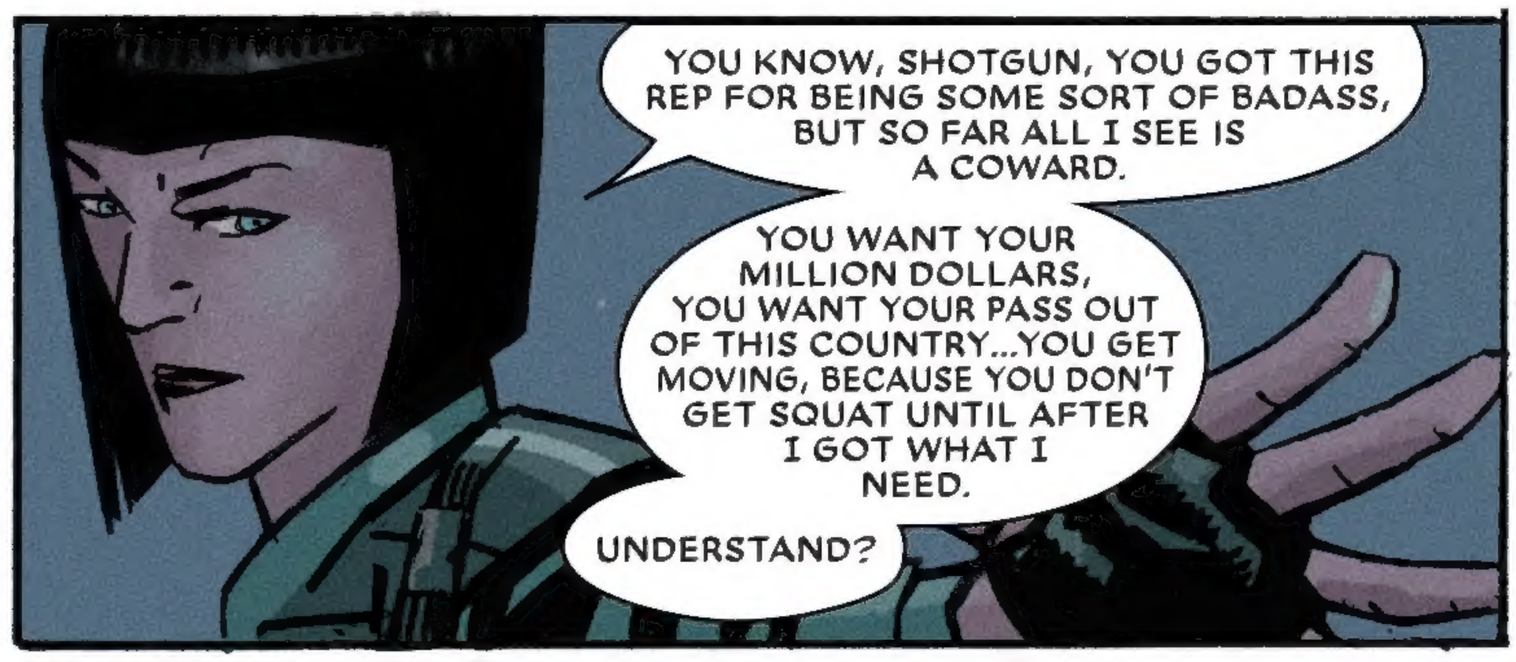
HERE THEY COME.



THEY'VE GOT BULLSEYE WITH THEM.

LET'S GO.
GO WHERE?
WE HAVEN'T BEEN FREEZING OUR ASSES OFF UP HERE JUST TO GET A LOOK AT HIM.

WE HELPED YOU FIND HIM. OUR JOB HERE IS *DONE.*


YOU KNOW, SHOTGUN, YOU GOT THIS REP FOR BEING SOME SORT OF BADASS, BUT SO FAR ALL I SEE IS A COWARD.
YOU WANT YOUR MILLION DOLLARS, YOU WANT YOUR PASS OUT OF THIS COUNTRY...YOU GET MOVING, BECAUSE YOU DON'T GET SQUAT UNTIL AFTER I GOT WHAT I NEED.
UNDERSTAND?

TWO MILLION.

NOT A CHANCE.

THEN YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, LADY.
THIS SORT OF RISK IS EXTRA. THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL A PREMIUM ADD-ON.

NO, SHOTGUN.
WE MADE A DEAL.

LIKE HELL, BULLET. WE AGREED TO HELP HER FIND BULLSEYE. THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID: "I WANT TO FIND HIM."
HE'S FOUND.
OBLIGATION MET.
YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WE SIGNED UP FOR.

WE'RE GOING TO SEE IT THROUGH.
I HAVEN'T SEEN MY KID IN YEARS. *YEARS.*
I GOT A CHANCE NOW AND I'M NOT LETTING YOU SCREW THAT UP.
SO, YOU WANT THE MONEY THAT BAD, THEN YOU CAN HAVE MY CUT. TWO MILLION TOTAL.
FOR REAL?

IT WASN'T ABOUT THE MONEY FOR ME.

YOU HEARD THE MAN...

...LET'S GO.

INSIDE TEODOR ZARCO'S COMPOUND.

SO *THIS* IS BULLSEYE?

YOU DON'T LOOK TOO SCARY TO ME.

ALL THE STORIES THEY TELL...I THOUGHT THAT YOU WOULD BE...I DON'T KNOW...

BIGGER? SCARIER? LIKE A MONSTER.

TYPICAL AMERICAN HYPE. ALL SIZZLE, NO STEAK.

I AM DISAPPOINTED.

IT'S WHAT'S ON THE INSIDE THAT COUNTS, *PAPI*.

HEY THERE, FABIAN. JUST GIVE ME A COUPLE OF MINUTES TO DEAL WITH THESE CLOWNS, OKAY?

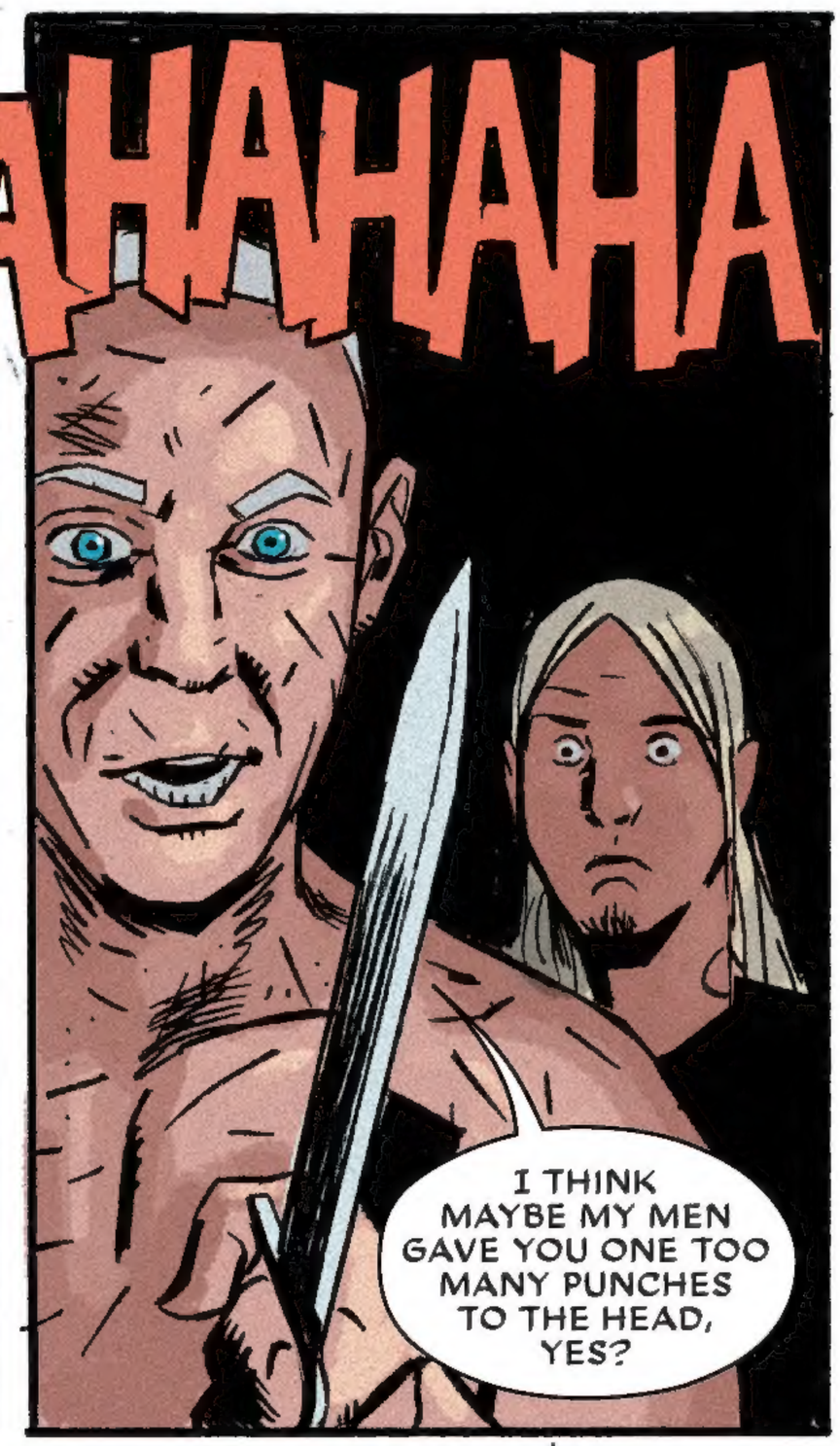
I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE AND HOME TO DEAR OLD DADDY IN TWO SHAKES OF A LAMB'S TAIL.

HAHAHAHA.
FUNNY AMERICAN.

I DIDN'T BRING YOU HERE JUST SO YOU CAN WALK OUT WITH MY GUEST.
NO, MY FRIEND. I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR YOU.

YOU DO?
BUT...I HAD PLANS FOR YOU!
HEH...

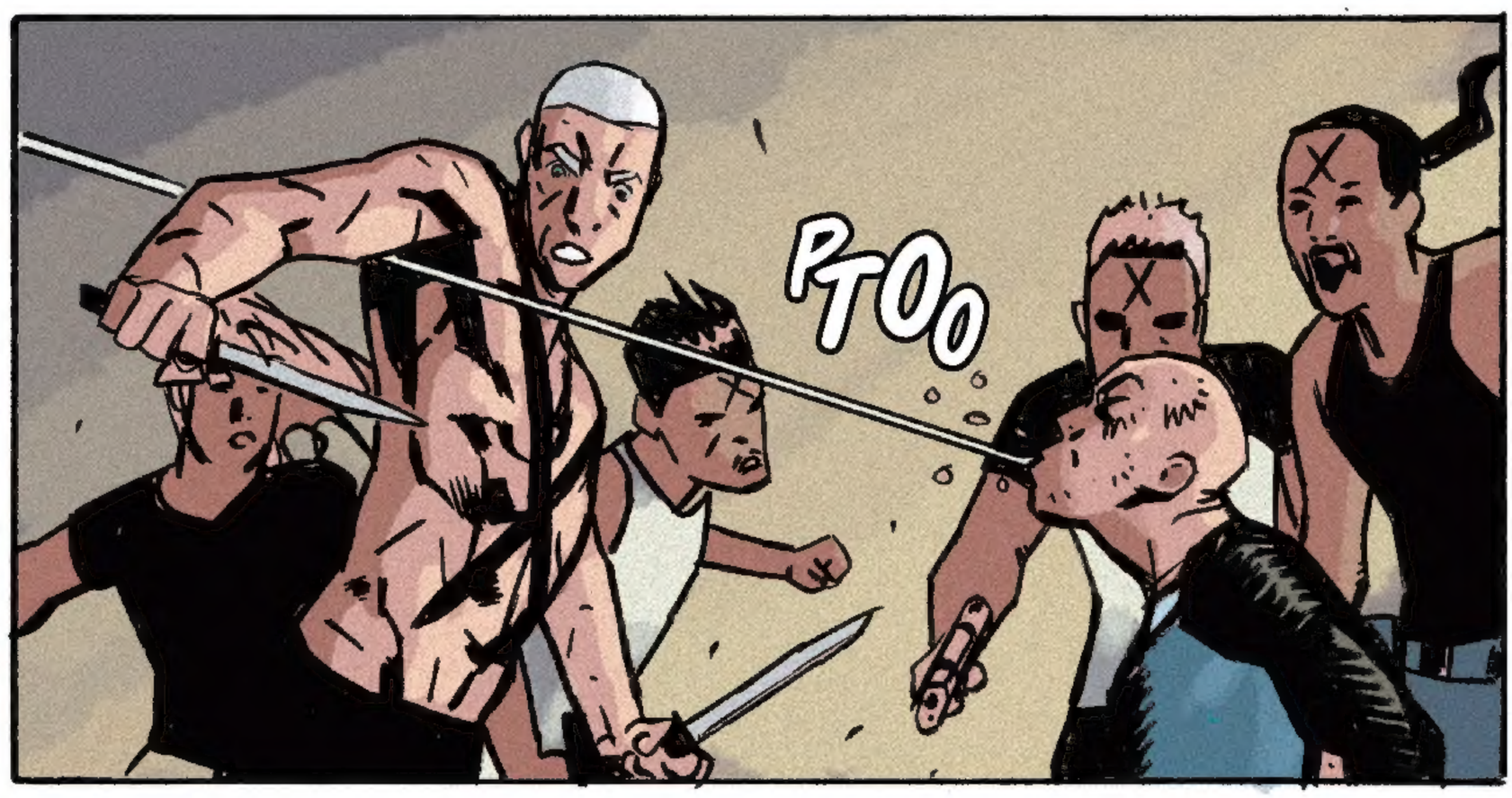
HAHAHAHAHAHA
I EVEN BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING!


I THINK MAYBE MY MEN GAVE YOU ONE TOO MANY PUNCHES TO THE HEAD, YES?

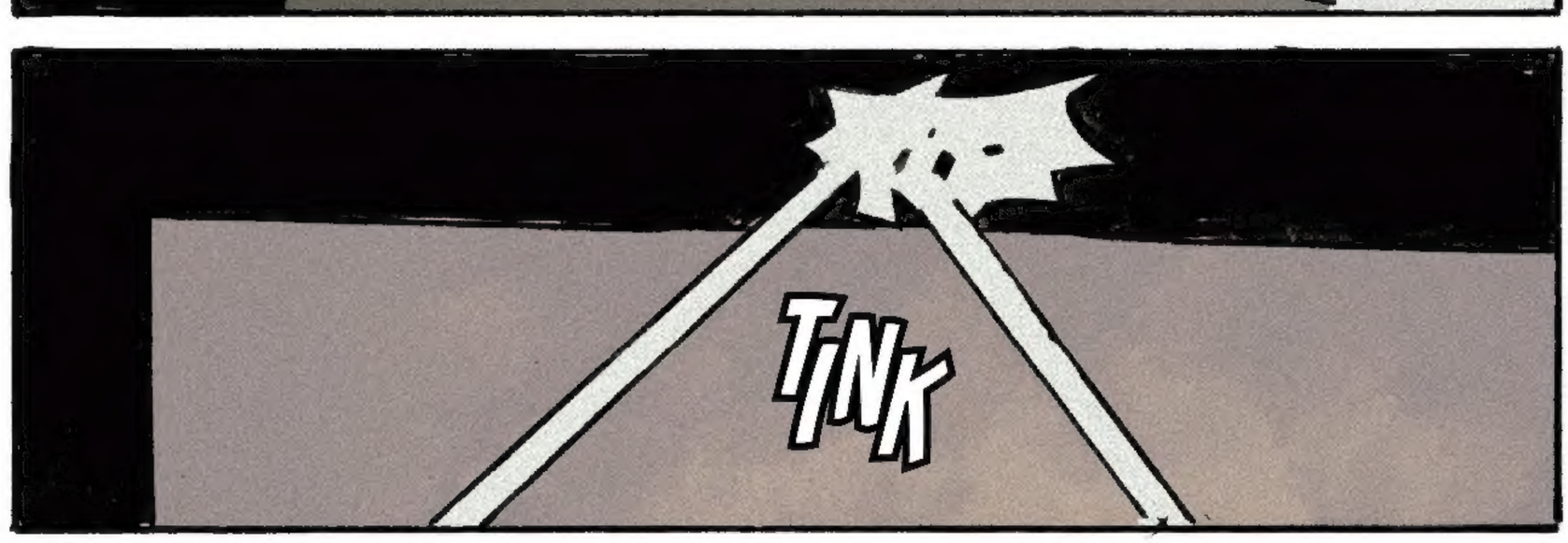
HAHA ÷HRK÷ HAHA ÷HRK÷
HE'S CHOKING...
YES, I HAVE EYES.

¿IS HE...IS HE DEAD?¿*
*TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH.

PLEASE TELL ME YOU DIDN'T DIE ON ME.
I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR TIME TOGETHER.


PTOO

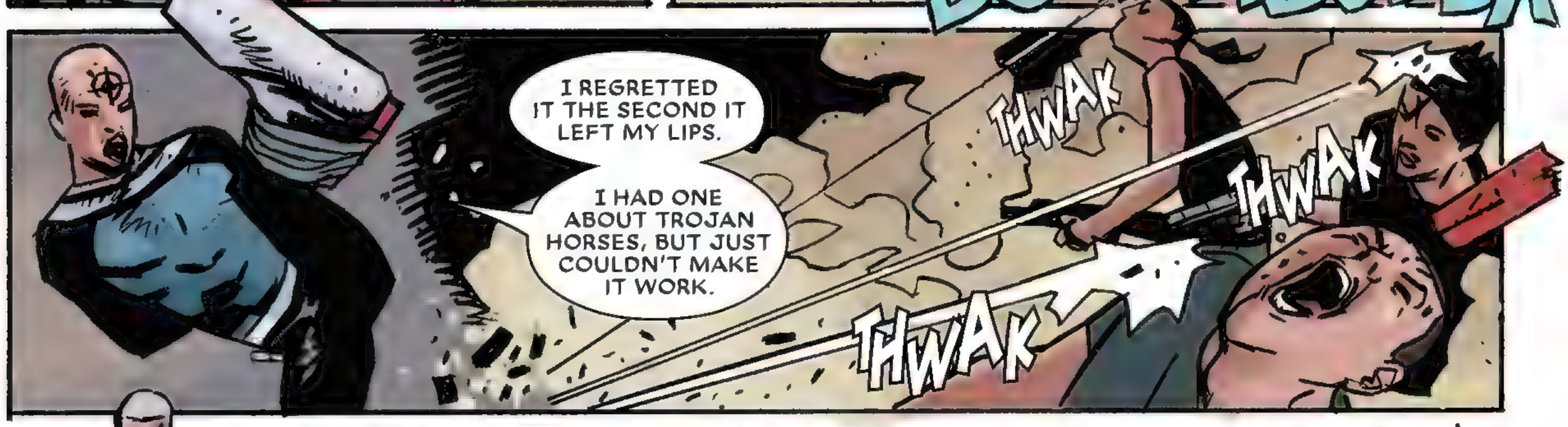
TINK


TINK

KRAK

YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK I WAS GOING TO SIT THIS ONE OUT, DID YOU?

‹GET THE BOY OUT OF HERE! *NOW!*›
‹THE REST OF YOU, SHOOT TO INJURE ONLY! SAVE THE KILL FOR ME. *IT IS MINE TO SAVOR!*›
YOU'RE RIGHT. BAD JOKE. IT WAS A GROANER. I GET IT.
BUDDABUDDA BUDDABUDDA


I REGRETTED IT THE SECOND IT LEFT MY LIPS.
I HAD ONE ABOUT TROJAN HORSES, BUT JUST COULDN'T MAKE IT WORK.
THWAK
THWAK
THWAK

WHY IS IT YOU AMERICANS ALWAYS TALK SO MUCH? WHY CAN YOU NOT DIE WITH SOME DIGNITY?

DIGNITY IS OVERRATED.

THWAK

SHIK

ANYHOW, NOW THAT I'M FREE...

...I GOTTA RUN.
TO BE CONTINUED.

SO, WHAT'S YOUR PLAN HERE? WE JUST WALK IN AND ASK FOR BULLSEYE?

"EXCUSE ME, MR. TEODOR, SIR? CAN YOU PLEASE GIVE ME BACK THE AMERICAN? I'D REALLY RATHER STEAL HIM MYSELF, IF YOU DON'T MIND."

SHUT UP, SHOTGUN.

DAMN IT.

NO KEYS.

GATE'S NO GOOD ANYWAY. THEY'D SEE US COMING.

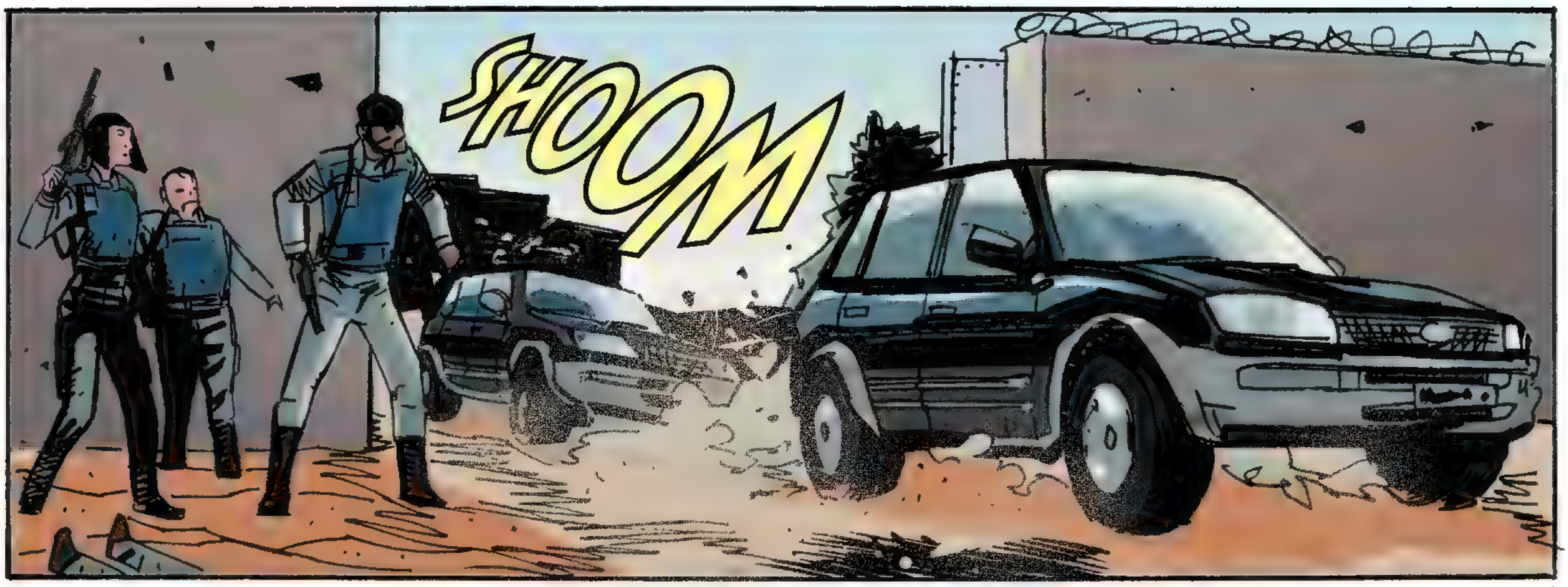
SHOTGUN'S RIGHT IN THAT WE WOULDN'T MAKE IT MORE THAN 10 FEET WITHOUT THEM OPENING FIRE ON US.

WHAT WE NEED IS A TANK.

LET'S GET US A TANK, DRIVE RIGHT THROUGH THE FRONT GATE AND--

WHA--?

VMMM


SHOOM

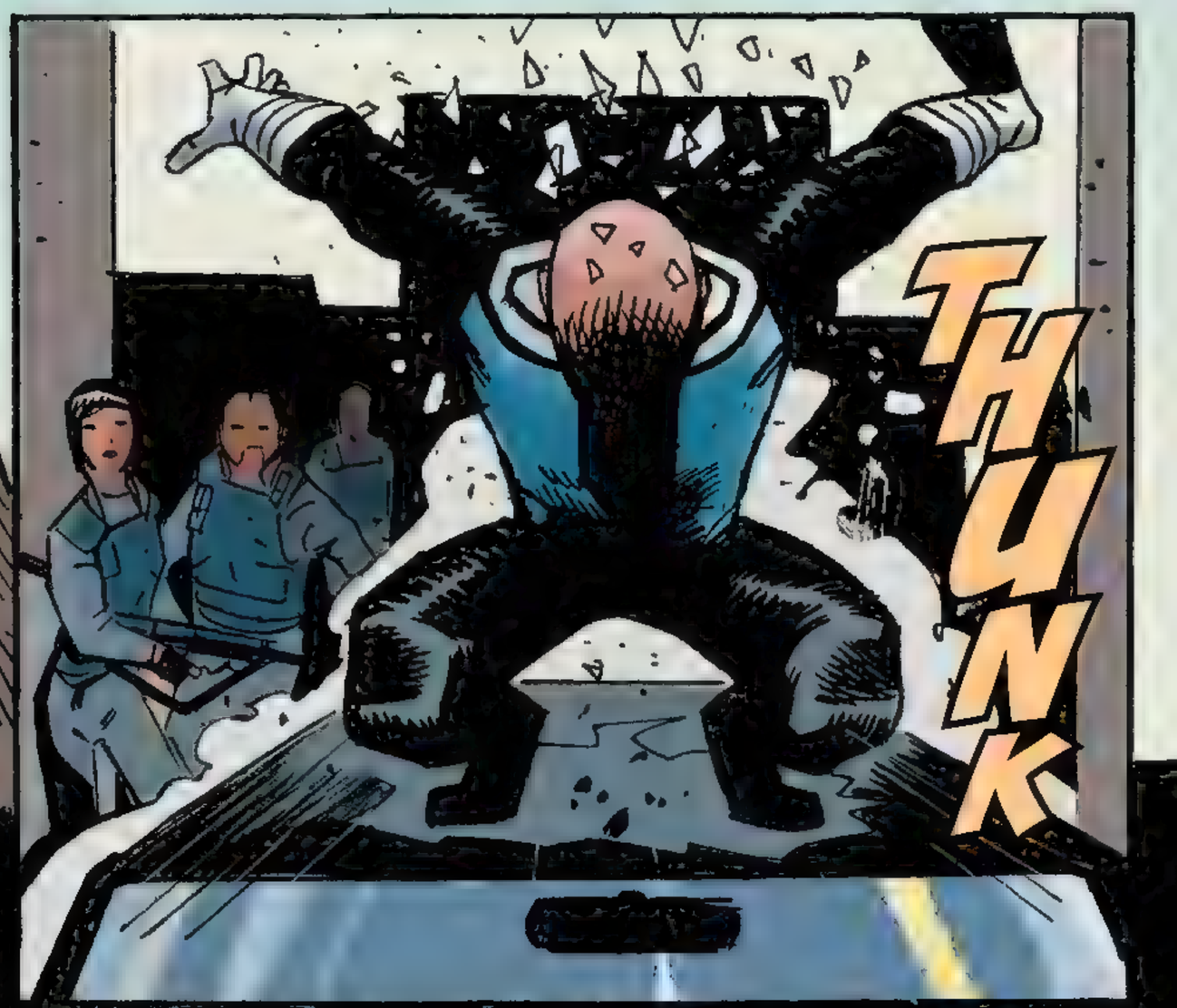
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY.

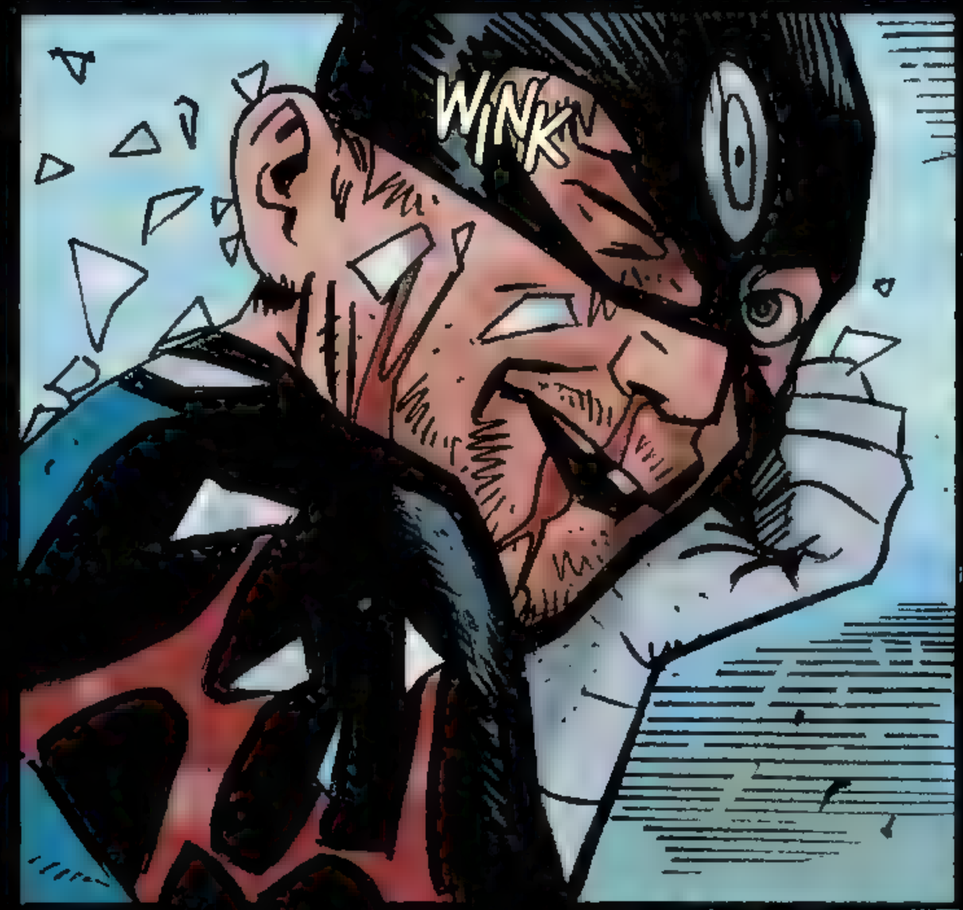
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
STOP!

THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
YOU'RE GOING TO GET US KILLED GOING OFF LIKE THAT.
WE HAD THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE...

LOOK.
I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES. HOW BAD YOU WANT... NEED... THIS.
BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET WHAT YOU WANT UNLESS WE WORK TOGETHER.
OKAY?

GUYS...


THUNK


WINK

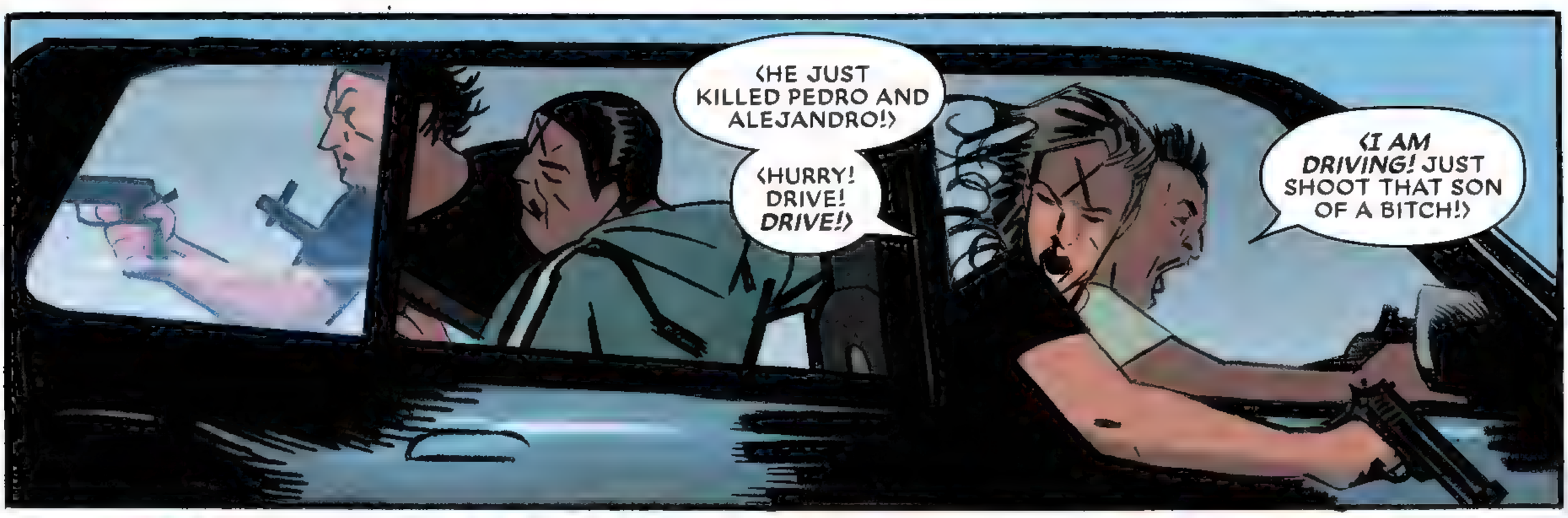
SON OF A--
DROP THE GUN...

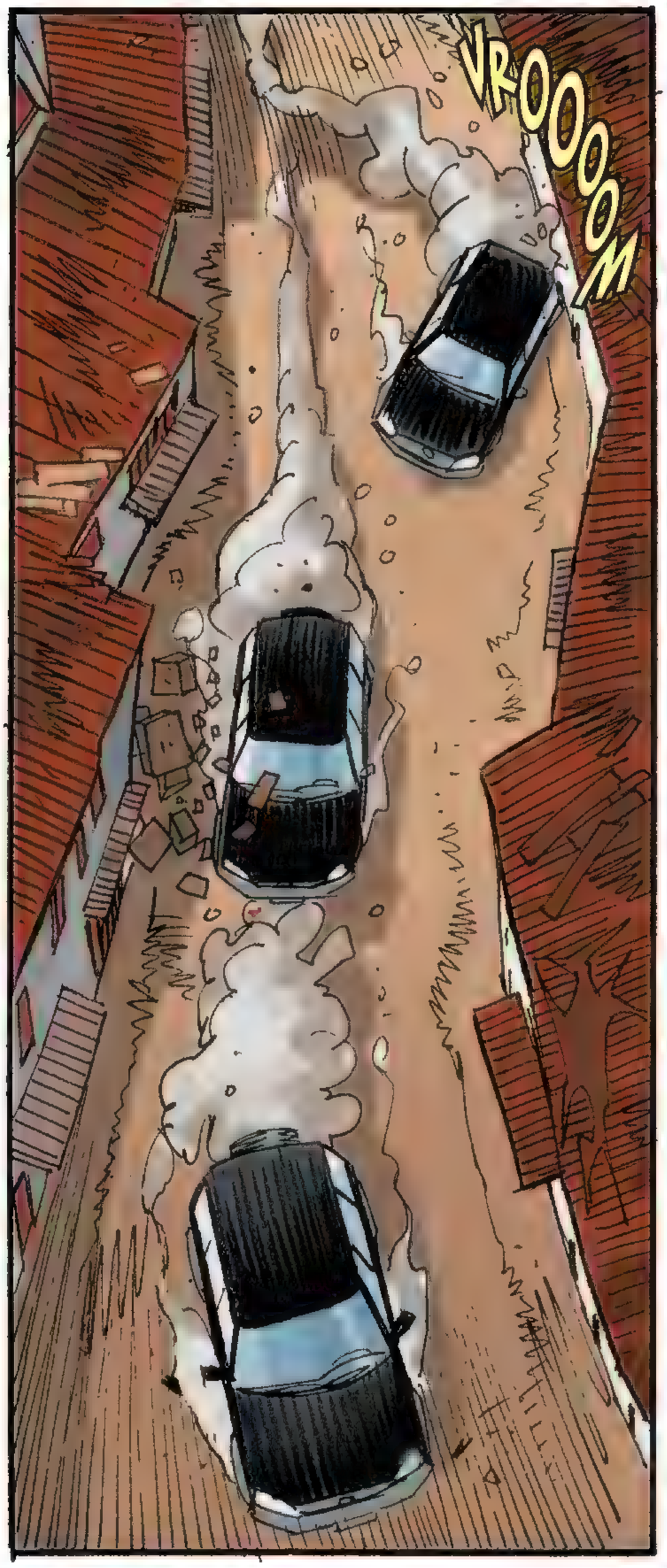
...THIS IS *OUR* HUNT.

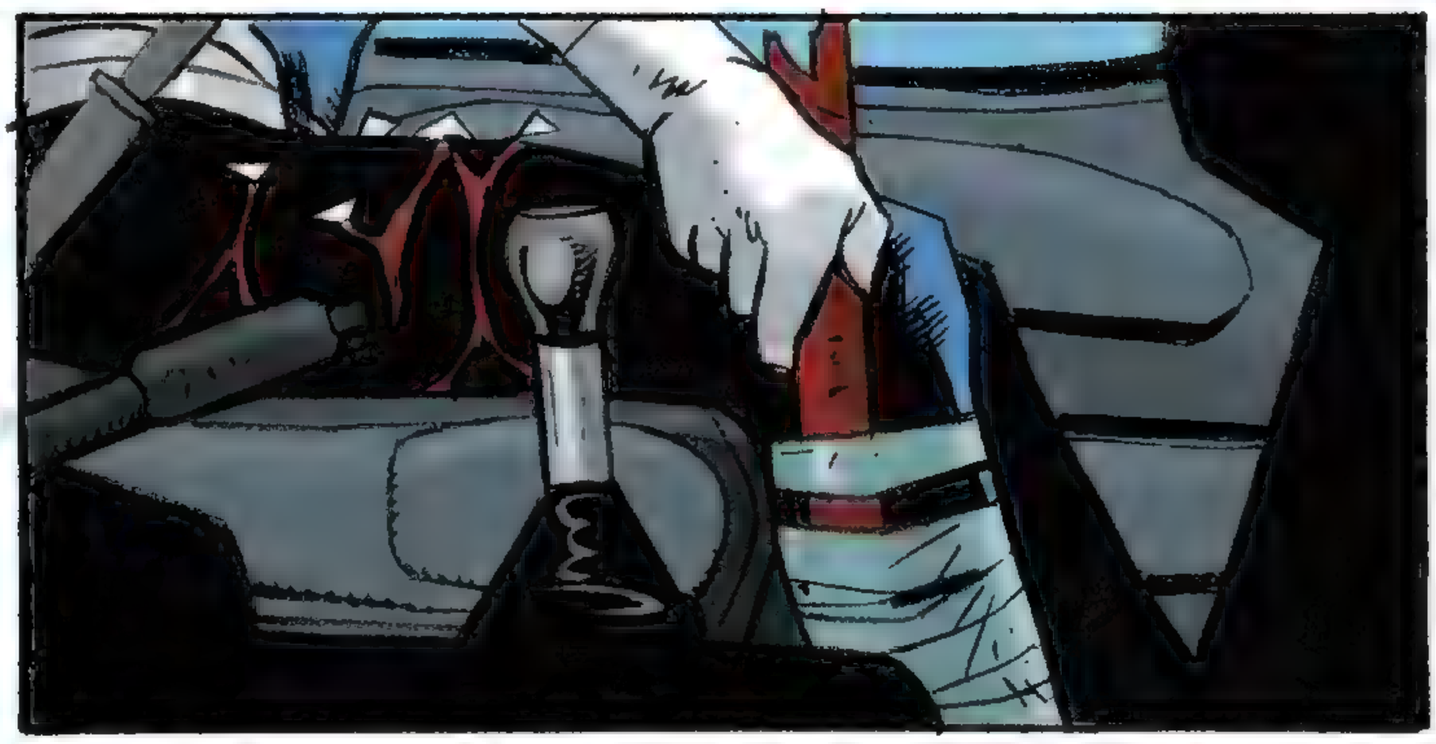
<TAKE THESE AMERICANS BACK AND KEEP THEM UNDER WATCH.>

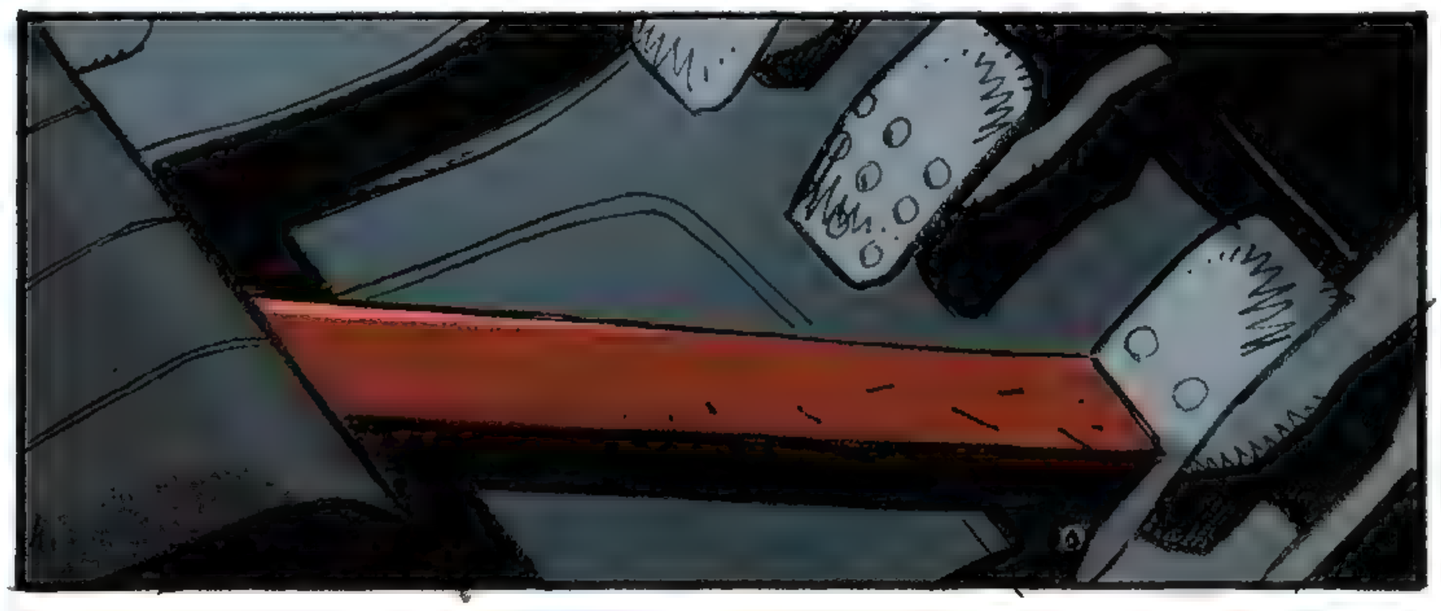
<I WILL DEAL WITH THEM LATER.>

GUH!
SHUNK
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
PARDON ME, COMIN' THROUGH!
KRSH

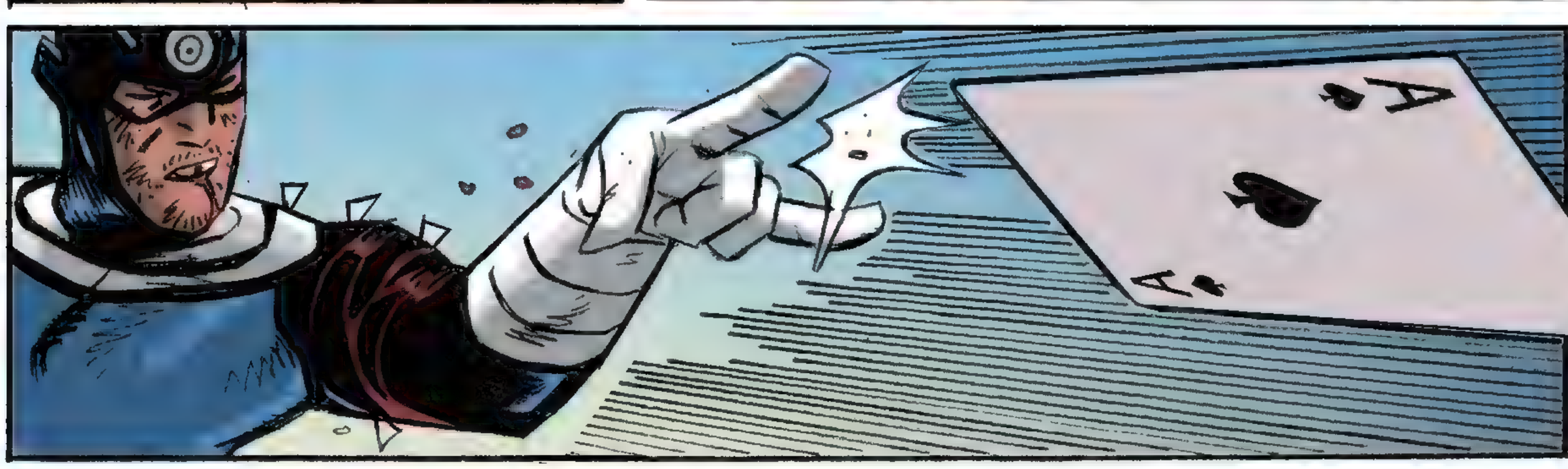

‹HE JUST KILLED PEDRO AND ALEJANDRO!›
‹HURRY! DRIVE! *DRIVE!*›
‹*I AM DRIVING!* JUST SHOOT THAT SON OF A BITCH!›


VROOOOM

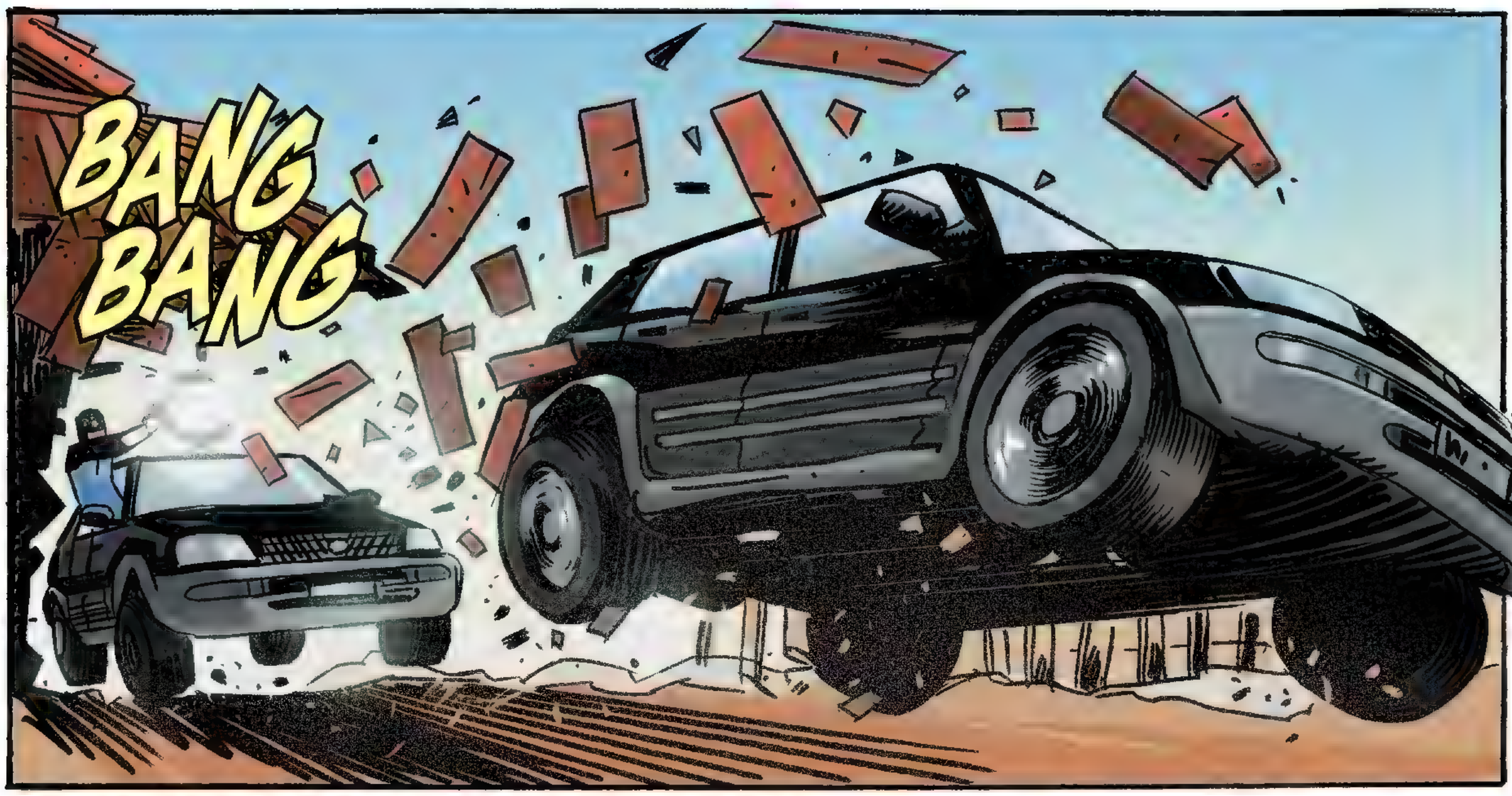




VRRRRRRRRM



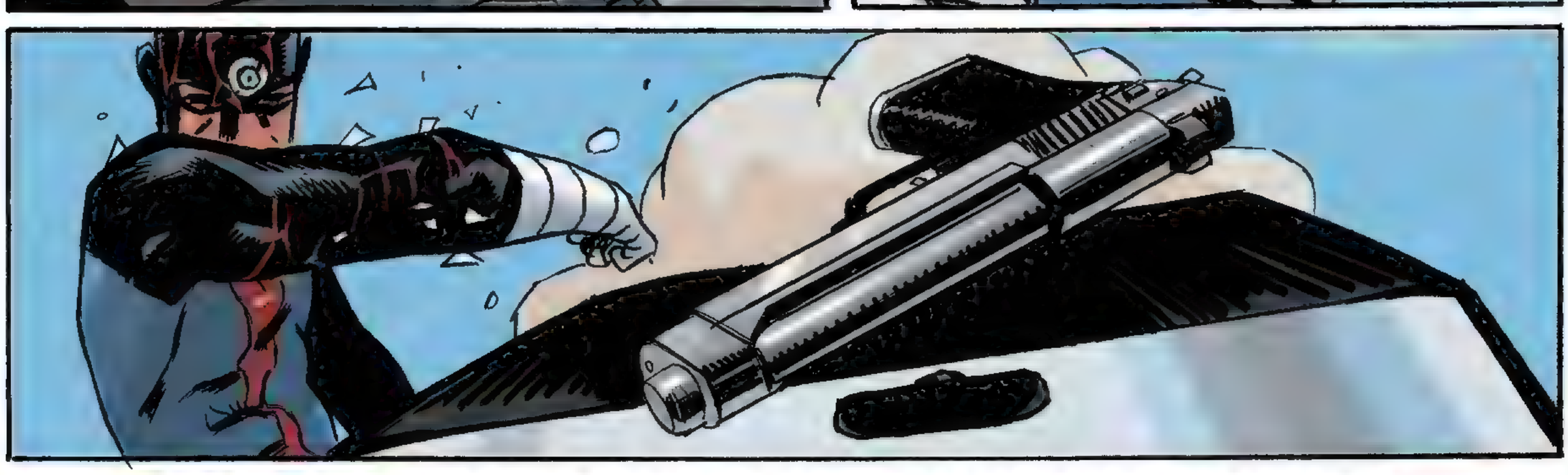
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
SMASH
THWAK
CRASH
AAGGH!
SHUNK
KEEP DRIVING OR I'LL DECORATE THE INTERIOR OF THIS GAS-HOG WITH YOUR TEETH.
YES. YES, I UNDERSTAND.

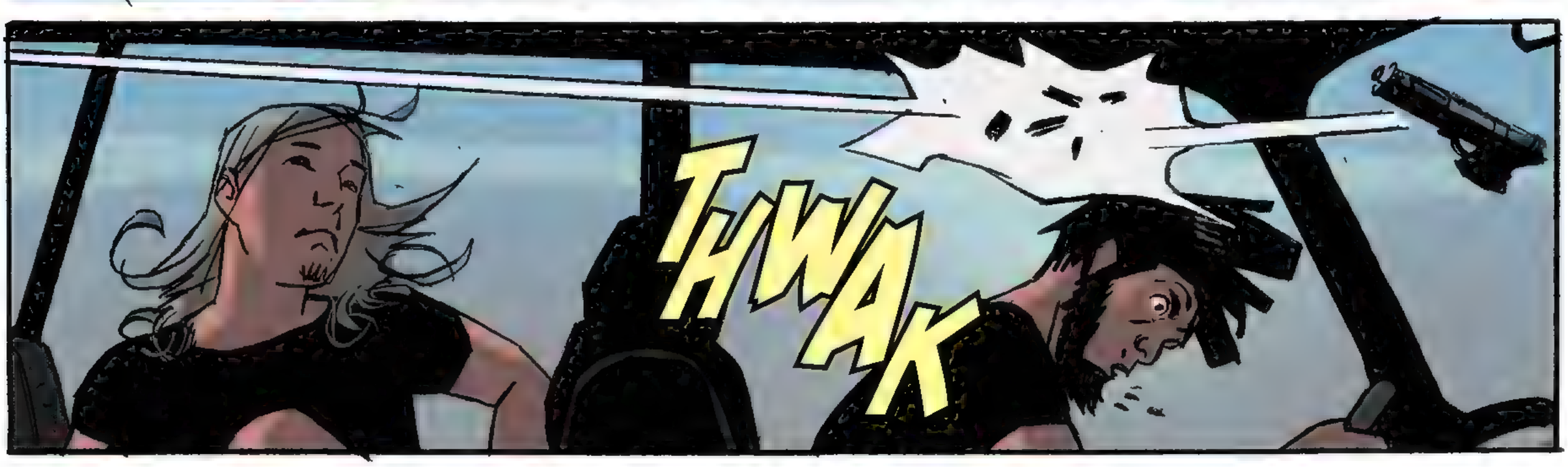

BANG
BANG

‹GET ME OUT OF HERE! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!›
‹QUIT ACTING LIKE A CHILD! IT IS YOUR FAULT WE ARE IN THIS MESS!›
‹PICK UP A GUN AND FIRE BACK!›

KLIK...

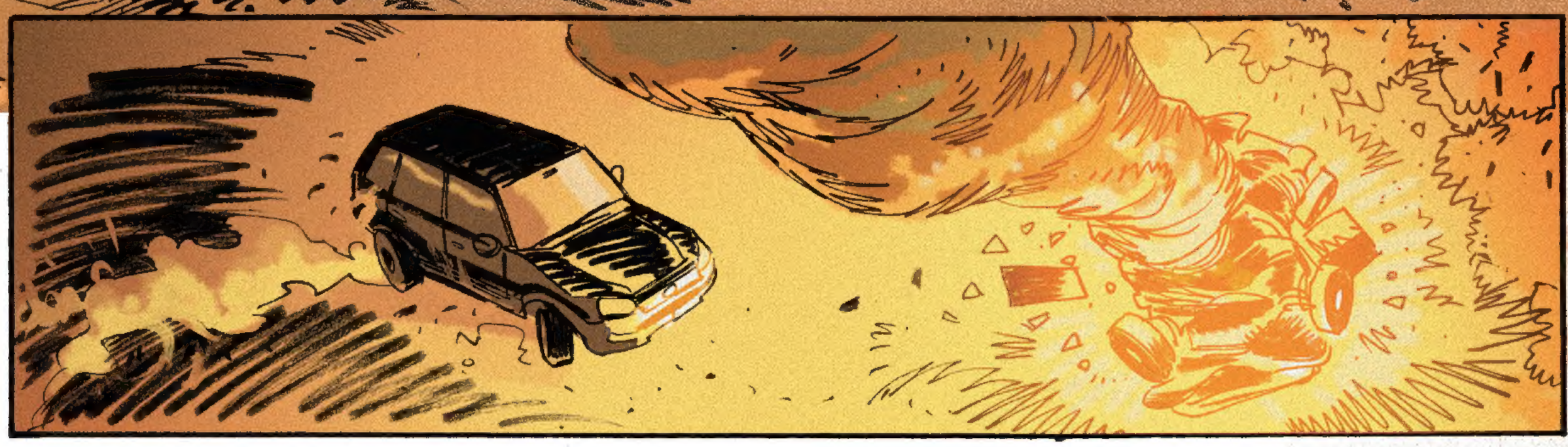
DAMN IT.

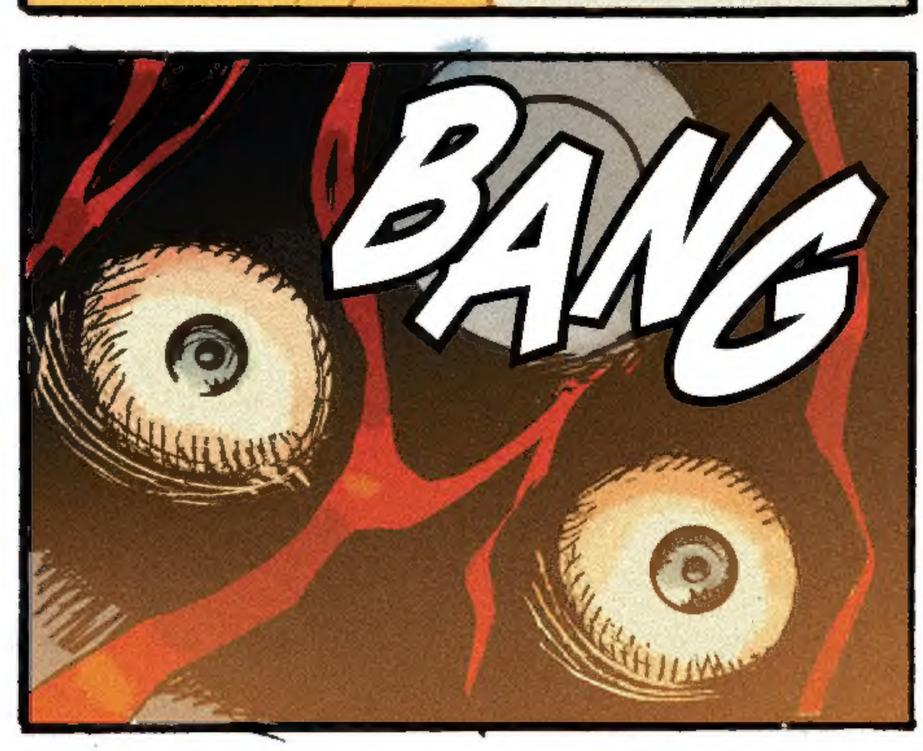


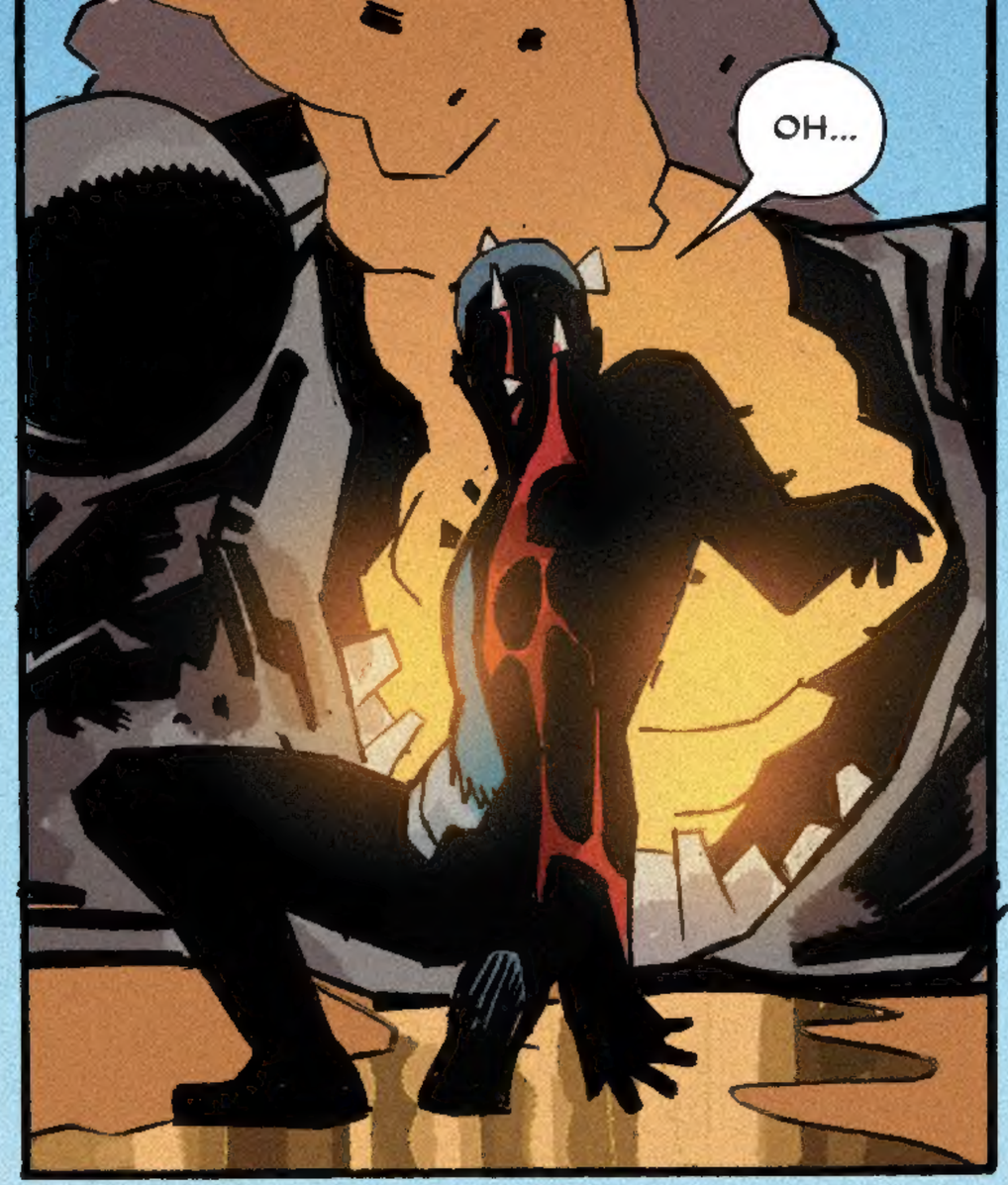

THWAK

KROOM

KERRSH







TO BE CONTINUED...

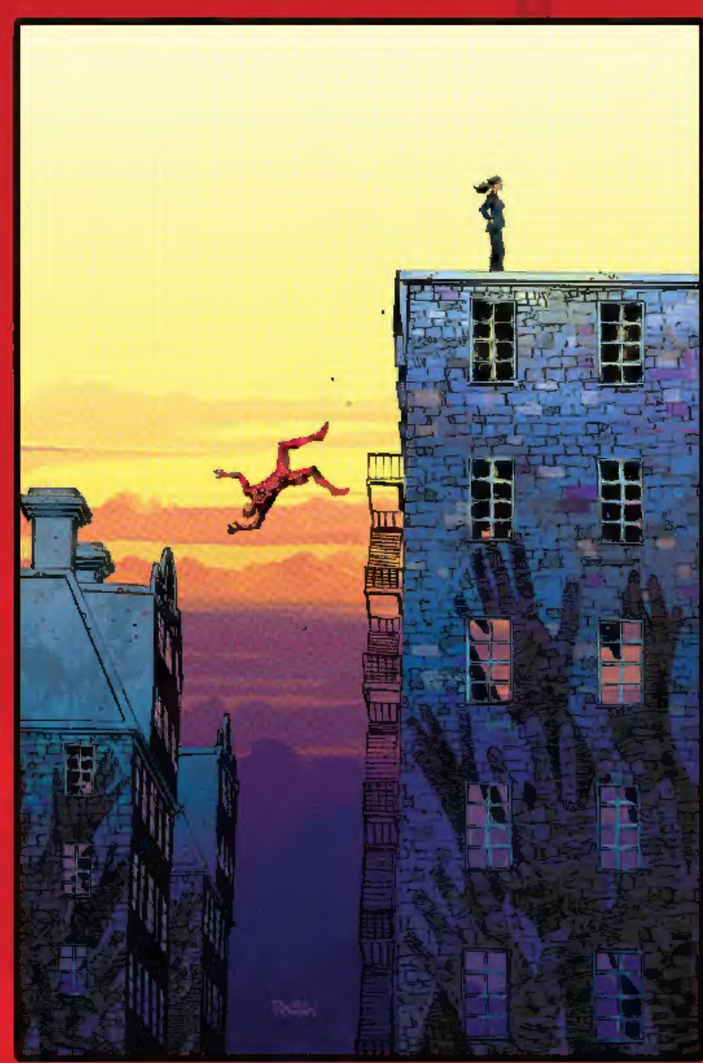
NEXT ISSUE:

THE BULLSEYE'S ON BULLSEYE!

BULLSEYE #4

ALSO ON SALE THIS MONTH

KINGPIN #3



DAREDEVIL #19

ELEKTRA #3

ZONE